[fic] Up to the wall.

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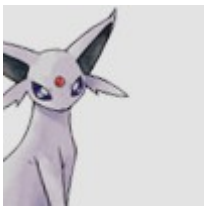

Title: Up to the wall.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut!
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Sam.
Word Count: 1,024 words.
Summary: At the eleventh hour Sam pulls a miracle out of his hat.
Note: This is for **aeon_entwined**, who wanted a) angsty Sam/Lucifer sex, b) 5x22 AU where things go right, and c) if possible those two together. I'm afraid I failed at the angsty bit, but everything else fits. And just go with the deus ex machina bits about Nick and whatnot. If God can bring Cas back, then he can be kind to Nick, darnit.

Also I can't seem to write Sam/Lucifer without wanting to make it longer than the average ficlet. I'll be lucky if the next one I write doesn't begin to sprawl.

(Lucifer freezes, midsnap. Castiel doesn't explode.)

They're alone in the hours before it all ends, one way or another, and all Sam can do is scrabble at the walls of his mind, attempting to overcome the great force that is Lucifer's presence within him.

"You don't want to do this," Sam whispers - no, thinks quietly as all he can do is make his thoughts be heard by Lucifer. He's not even certain that Lucifer *can* hear him, not like this. "You don't want this."

Sam can see as his hands clench and unclench, and he can feel his mouth open as Lucifer uses his voice to speak.

"It's not a matter of *want*, Sam." Lucifer says. "You should know that as well as I."

And Sam gets that, he really does, but he doesn't have to like it. "You have a choice, don't you? You don't have to do this."

"It's not a choice." Lucifer shrugs with Sam's shoulders and rolls his neck. "You would say yes. I will go and face Michael."

"But you don't want to." Sam says again, and he's desperate. "And you do have a choice. Michael - he doesn't have to die."

"Yes, he does," Lucifer whispers, and somehow Sam knows that Lucifer isn't

listening to him, not now.

Sam can do nothing as Lucifer faces Michael at the cemetery, and he can do nothing when Dean shows up, and he can do nothing until Castiel throws a Molotov cocktail and Lucifer forgets in his rage to keep Sam from communicating with him.

As Castiel backs off, trying in vain to avoid what is coming, Sam says the only thing he can think of: "You want to protect Michael, don't you?"

Lucifer freezes, midsnap. Castiel doesn't explode.

"He's your brother." Sam says, and he thinks, *hopes* that Lucifer gets it.

"It's the only way," Lucifer whispers, but he doesn't mean it, he doesn't finish the gesture, and then he is gone with a twisting of his wrist and Michael returns to an empty cemetery.

(Bobby was the one who realized that Lucifer was gone and that they should split as fast as they could. Bobby got them back to the Impala and pulling out as Michael reappeared. Dean was mute with shock, and Castiel was frozen with the surprise of his continued existence.)

Lucifer lands them in a room somewhere and Sam doesn't even want to know how Lucifer got his plan B back as a vessel. He can't explain how plan B looks...healthy again, but he's not complaining, not when Lucifer is ripping off his clothes instead of finishing his fight.

Sam isn't confused at all about why Lucifer's kissing him, not when he can see the surprised gratitude in Lucifer's eyes, and not when he can almost feel the relief coming off of Lucifer. So Sam kisses him back, just as relieved and if Lucifer grips at his arms almost too tightly he won't complain.

Lucifer shoves him back against the wall, pulling Sam's pants off as if they were so much Kleenex to him, and then everything stops.

"Tell me yes," Lucifer says, breathless and serious, and Sam answers him with a kiss before gasping out a more-than-willing '*yes*, god, just fuck me already' and Lucifer's eyes are dark as he turns Sam around with one hand, other hand at his own pants, opening them the human way, slow and fumbling at the buttons and zippers as Sam spreads his legs and braces himself against the wall.

"L-Lucifer," Sam manages as Lucifer spreads him. "I'll need lube - " He's cut off as Lucifer plunges two slick fingers into him, and anything else he wanted to say fades into a moan.

Lucifer isn't gentle, and he doesn't take his time, but that's okay, more than okay with Sam. If it hurts he won't scream over it now, and even as Lucifer scissors his fingers as he pulls them out Sam is flushed and ready for it. Lucifer thrusts himself in barely moments later, and Sam screams for all the right reasons as Lucifer doesn't stop to let Sam adjust, doesn't stop to make it easier, and then Lucifer is in him, pressing Sam against the wall.

"Say it," Lucifer says, and Sam closes his eyes as he rocks back on Lucifer.

"Yes," Sam manages, and again as Lucifer pulls out slightly and thrusts in, hard. "Yes!"

Lucifer moans almost brokenly behind him as he thrusts into Sam again and again, driving Sam up against the wall, making Sam's arms strain with the effort of keeping his face from meeting the wall.

Lucifer hands have been on his hips, holding on as Lucifer thrusts and makes Sam cry out, but then a hand is in Sam's hair, pulling his head back so Lucifer can bite at his ear for a moment of rest, just holding himself in Sam and nipping at Sam's earlobe.

There's a whispered 'thank you', and before Sam can register that Lucifer said it, he is moving again, fast and even as Lucifer lifts his head back, his grip tightens in Sam's hair. It hurts, almost burns, but then Lucifer snaps his hips forward in a sudden motion and Sam hears something that's too high pitched to be human as Lucifer comes within him.

It's not long after that before Sam is coming, calling out Lucifer's name as he falls forward into the wall, hands falling from the wall as he leans his forehead against it, almost shaking as he recovers.

Lucifer rests a hand on Sam's shoulder and slips out of him, and Sam just reaches his own hands up to drag Lucifer forward so he is pressed in his back, and Lucifer takes the hint. Sam's hugged and held for a long minute, and they say nothing for that minute.

Then Lucifer sinks his teeth into the skin where neck meets shoulder, and Sam *knows* that it's not going to fade overnight.

It's shock and relief when Sam just starts laughing instead of saying ow. It's entirely relief when he can turn around and kiss Lucifer and know that everything's going to be fine, somehow.